FOR SALE.

THE splendid blu -grass farm of Lewis F.
Brooks, near Minerva, and on the Dover
and Minerva Turnpike, containing 2234 acres
An elegant brick dwelling, two good tenant
houses, two of the finest tobacco barns in
Mason county, good stables, orchards, and an
abundance of water, and plenty of fine tobacco land, Apply to GARRETT S. WALL,
sep8d&wim Maysville, Ky.

Commissioner's Notice.

Dr. M. Smith's Administratrix, vs. 15 per cent, dividend.

vs. }
Dr. M. Smith's Heirs &c.
The creditors of Dr. M. Smith, deceased, will
take notice that a dividend of 15 per cent. will
be paid them on their claims as allowed by
court, by calling upon
GARRETT S. WALL,
s8d&w2w Master Commissioner M. C. C.

MRS. M. J. MORFORD,

Third St., opposite Christian Church.

Millinery and Notions.

A NEW STOCK just received and prices VERY LOW, Bonnets and Hats made over in the latest styles.

PAINTING!

I am prepared to paint Buggles and Furni-ture of all kinds on more reasonable terms than any other painter in the city will offer. I guarantee my work to be first class. Leave orders at Ball, Mitchell & Co.'s.

CO"BUGGIES PAINTED FOR \$10. "SE THE PLACE TO GET CHEAP

BED-ROOM SUITS

GEORGE ORI, Jr.'s,

SUTTON STREET.

Piles! Piles!! Piles!!.

OLD BROWN'S PILE C! RE will cure any case of protruding or ulcerated bleeding Piles by a few applications. A trial will convince any one who is suffering with this loathson e disease that what we say is true. For sale by

GEORGE T. WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, Maysville, Ky.

MAYSVILLE CITY MILLS.

ROBINSON & CO.

Are still grinding corn and are prepared to corn or exchange at any time.

Wheat CUSTOM Grinding

Will be done as heretofore, when good wheat

J.C.PECOR&CO

Keep constantly on hand a full supply of

School and Blank

BOOKS Pencils, Pens, Copy Books, Slates, Satchels, Inks, Writing Paper, Envelopes, &c. Carpet

and building paper always in stock.

Wall Paper, Window Shades, Pure Drugs, Teas, Spices, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Olis and Varaishes, Cigars and To-bacco. Pertumery, Totlet Articles &c., &c.

PIANO MANUFACTORY.

F. L. TRAYSER.

PIANOS & ORGANS.

ALL INSTRUMENTS WARRANTED!

PIANOS TUNED AND REPAIRED!

Front Street, Maysville. A CHEAP SALE!

A S A. R. BURGESS HAS BOUGHT THE stock of Dry Goods of Burgess & Nolin, and will continue the business at the same stand, will close out the following goods re-

500 PIECES OF

DRESS - GOODS

At half their original cost. ALL WOOL EMPRESS CLOTHS in good shades for 25 cents per yard. ALL WOOL FILLING JEANS, extra heavy and good colors, worth 50 cents, for 35 cents per yard. A large lot of

GOOD STYLES IN

DRESS GINGHAMS

For 8½ cents per yard. Also, a large lot of Splendid priots for 5 cents per yard. A lot of RIBBONS, nice colors, at half cost. Regular made Fleece and Lisle LADIES' WHITE HOSE, worth 50 cents per pair, for 10 cents. MISSES REGULAR MADE WHITE COTTON HOSE for 16 cents per pair. MISSES REGULAR MADE WHITE COTTON HOSE for 10 cents per pair. Also, Misses Hose for 5 cents per pair. MEN'S SEAMLESS HALF HOSE, extra weight and good colors, for 5 cents per pair. BATH TOWELS, large and heavy, for 30 cents per pair. Just received, a full supply of

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

UNDERWEAR

And Domestics at corresponding low prics.
Misses' Gossimer Circulars, all sizes, \$1;
Ladies' Gossimer Circulars, all sizes, \$1.25,
KID GLOVES at 25 cents per pair. Fans
at balf price, and many other articles too
numerous to mention. Call and examine the
stock before purchasing.
A. R. BURGESS.

J. MeCARTHEY, Licensed Auctioneer
of for Mason and adjoining counties. Orders left at the BULLETIN office will receive
prompt attention. P. O. address Mt. Carmel.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

[London Punch]

They sing their songs and their life-boatlays; and the gossip to guest from bost Is of wreckage wild in the winter time round

Is of wreckage wild in the winter time round the dangerous Cornish coasts.

There are plenty of yarns of the sailor, and of fisherman out at sea.

There are tales of the lighthouse keepers, and of women who bend the knee

When their mates are away in the storm time, and the cottage is lift to the roar Of the hurricane lashing the surf to foam, and screaming about the shore.

But best of all tales that ever I heard to make me think better of men

Who fling in their lives for duty—it happened—vou ask me when?

pened-you ask me when? wonderful summer's evening, just as holiday time began. It had for its scene old Cornwall—its hero a

Constguardman! A party of "trippers" had ventured to visit the rocks and caves, Where the sea birds find their houses, and ignorant folks their graves;

may search for wild adventure on the seaccast south and north, But for beauty, travel by Truro to the village of Perranporth. It was there on this summer evening, on the

beach as the daylight died, That a wandering, thoughtless fellow was caught at the turn of the tide; Up came the sea and trapped him, cutting the

ground from his feet; He rushed, but he couldn't go onward-then back, there was no retreat! Up came the sea still closer-was it death? Not a second to count—
Then setting his teeth at the danger, to the cliffs be began to mount.

Tearing the turf and the grasses, and scaring the sea birds' nest, Clinging with feet and fingers, and bruising his arms and breast, At last with a desperate struggle he lifted his

life to a stone, Where he held with a ry for a second, suspended in air, wone! Once more death barred his passage; and his terrified face turned gray, For the ledge of the rock he clung to was

crumbling slowly away! "Where is the m n for a rescue?" so the cry of agony run. "I am that man, God willing!" said Regan, the Coastguardman! Then followed a terrible silence, a horror that

might be felt. For the village was emptied of women, who muttered their prayers and knelt; They could see the eyes of the shivering man, with the agonized face turned gray, As stone after stone from his safety-ledge

kept slowly crumbling away!
"Bring me a rope!" said Regan, "and bind it about my waist; Look at that wretched fellow! In a second

he'll fall! Make haste! Keep the cord tight in your hands, matesthere, tighter so, and stiff; Now, wait till I give the signal! Then haul me over the cliff.

Why do you stand there staring? I'll save him, mates, if I can: If I die, I have done my duty!" said Regan. the Coastguardman!

He swooped to his prey like an eagle, a the lowered with bated breath This man with his brave life given to a fe low condemned to death: The silence grew more awful, and agony

Of the women and men who waited; till a last with a mighty grip The man of the constguard seized him, and tightened his arms around

paled on the lip

This prize he had risked his life for-thou searching for safety ground They swung from the lenge together, for the rope was turn and stiff, Till it dragged the burdened hero to the arms

of the growd on the cliff! There are times when the heart's too full, sir. for even our Linglish cheers, But the women they crowded around him with kisses, and prayers, and tears! So tell it about from the south to north, proclaim it where you can;

So spread it forth from Perranporth-this tale of a Coustguardman. Cripps' Good

Luck.

Ed. Mott in New York Sun.

"Looks to me 'zif we mowt be gointer hev a leetle spell o' weather," said the Old Settler, as he entered the Crissman house and stood his dripping umbrella in a corner, where it at once begins to shed little rills of water, which soon collected in a large and not remarkably pellucid pool on the floor. Frank, the landlord, entered. He eyed the umbrella savagely for a moment, and then grabbed it and rammed it in the woodbox.

Many hot words would doubtless have passed between the landlord and the Old Settler, and there might have been a scene, but just then Uncle Ira called Frank and told him there was a man outside with a balky horse that he wanted to sell at a bargain, and he hurried out to look it over.

"Bimeby," said the Old Settler to the boys, "bimeby, when a feller comes yer on a rainy day he'll hef to hang his umb'rel outside on the sign post, or else carry a tub long with hisself to let it drip in. Ever sence Frank took to keepin' city boarders, b'gosh, he's ben a sp'llin'. 'Fore long we'll hef to set on a wagon tongue out in the barn. This barroom's a gittin' too durn high-toned fur us." Then, returning to the weather topic, the

Old Settler continued: "Streaks o' wet weather mos' allus fetches bad luck, but I never see a wet season sech ez this un 's ben but I think o' the bully luck that Billy Cripps tumbled into in the fall o' That is, he was Billy Cripps then, but he's old Squire Cripps now, o' Peenpack. Ef it hadn't a-ben fur the all-fired big apple crop in '36, an fur the spell o' wet weather they hed the same time, 'tain't likely he'd a ben any better fixed than the rest of us.

"Uncle John Billduck had a farm down in Jersey. 'Twasn't none o' yer punkin farms, nuither. Durned if I don't b'lieve the apples they raised on that farm of a season would a bought the hull o' Lackawack. Billy Cripps was a likely young feller, su' lived a mile or so from Uncle Jonas's. He wanted to marry Jonas's darter Jemime, but the ole man didn't like the notion, though he hadn't nothin' agin Billy 'cept that he wasn't rollin' very much in wealthy. Billy usety work consid'able for Jonas, and Jemime liked him. Ev'ry chance he'd git he'd try to worry her dad inter consentin' to the match, but Jonas alluz kep' a sayin', b'gosh, that he couldn't see it.

"Wall, in '86 the apple crop was immense. Folks didn't know what to do with it. They ground 'em inter eider, and made 'em inter whiskey, an' give 'em away, an' fed 'em to the cattle, but still they was more apples than they was leaves on the trees. Uncle Jonas he'd more'n his sheer, like the rest on 'em. One day a smart neighbor o' his'n got an idee. He didn't have no farm nor no apples, but he had this idee. He come to Jonas an' argied that mos' likely the chances was, b'gosh, that nex' year the apple crop'd be a dead failur, an' that nat'rally they'd be a big call for dried apples.

Now, Uncle Jonas, says he, 'we'll jist kinder go pardners like, an' peel an' dry a snortin' ole pile o' apples this fall, lay 'em over, an' ketch the market heavy when it gets a hankerin' fur sech goods nex' fall.'

"The idee struck Uncle Jonas, an' he sot the hull family to peelin' apples, an' 'twa'n't long fore the had four or five hundred bushel o' dried apples on hand. Uncle Jonas's house wa'n't a very large un, an' it stood bout fifty foot from the line o' a pastur' lot b'longin' to Hoppy Dusenberry. Not mor'n a hundred foot from one side o' the house, whar they was only one winder, and that was up stairs, they was quite a steep knoll, an' at the foot o' this Jonas hed built a high wall. The groun' twixt that an' the house was stony, an' wa'n't used fur anything, so Jonas concluded to spread his dried apples on boards twixt the house and the wall. He built a roof over 'em, an' thar he had 'em stowed snug enough.

"Wall, that fall Billy Cripps was pesterin' the old man more'n ever to let up an' give him Jemime. One day Jonas got mad.

"See, yer, Billy,' says he 'T'm a gittin durn tired o' this. They ain't no use. You'm jist ez likely to get Jemime ez I am to be a livin' over thar in Hoppy Dusenberry's pastur! Now, the fus' fine mornin' you come long this way an' find me a livin' over thar. just walk in tell me, an' then you kin walk off with Jemme.

"Ez ma dez he were, Jonas had to laugh to think o' the joke o' the thing. Billy he to dled off, an' made up his mind that him and Jemime couldn't never hitch.

"The season had been wet all through the summer, an' was keepin' it up. One night, jist arter Jonas had give Billy Cripps his las. walkin' papers, there come up an ole teare: of a rain-one o' them warm fellers that soaks right in. They was a rippin' wind come 'long with it. I reckomember 'twere on Saturday night, fur Uncle Jonas's family alluz took a rest Sunday mornin's, not gittin'up 'fore half-pas' six or seven. That Sunday mornin', though, they come a rap at the door 'fore six o'clock. Jonas got up an, dressed hisself, an' went down. Thar was Billy Cripps.

"Mornin', Uncle Jonas,' says he. "'Mornin',' says Uncle Jonas. 'What in the name o' the grizzly king be you doin' yer this time o' day.

"'Wall," says Billy, 'I were jist goin' by, ar seein' as you'd moved over inter Hopp. Dusenberry's pastur lot, I thort I'd drop in an' walk off with Jemimie, jest ez you tol-

"Sure ez guns, thar were Jones's house standin' plumb over the line onter Hoppy's pastur lot. You see the high wind o' the night afore hed lifted the roof off'n Jonns's dried-apple shed. The warm rain had pelted in on 'em, and soaked inter 'em through an' through. Wall, you know dried apples. They jist begun to swell an' swell. They couldn't push the wall down, but sumpin' had to give. That sumpin' were the house. Ez them five hundred bushels o' apples kep' a doublin' theirself in size, they jist quietly pushed that house along, b'gosh, never wakin' a mortal up in it, till they landed it safe an' sound over on Hoppy Dusenberry's pastur lot. Wall, o' course Jonas couldn't go back on his word, an' Billy got the gall. But the dried apples was sp'ilt.'

And the Old Settler took his umbrella out of the woodbox and went home beaming.

Canada's Magnificent Territory.

Cor. Chicago Herald. "In regard to the steady and spontaneous growth of the northwest territory, not in Manitoba alone, but all along the line of the Canada Pacific railway, it can only be said to be beyond precedent in the history of the world. The soil is inexhaustible. Last year over 30,000 emigrants from Ontario and the states settled on the free grants of land given to actual settlers. These pioneers took over \$10,000,000 into that section, and expended this money in the development of farm lands. There are, to my personal knowledge, extensive coal districts in the valley of the Saskatchewan and at Elmonton, though as yet almost entirely undeveloped. Ah, it is a magnificent country, and the coming century will see it the home of millions of free, prosperous and enlightened people,"

"But is not the climate very severe in the

far northwest?" "Not in comparison with the climate of the Atlantic coast. As you move westward upon the Pacific slope, warm southern winds sweep over those boundless plains from April to October, and vegitation is so rapid as to be almost tropical in its luxuriance. I have seen abundant crops of wheat, oats, and barley harvested in less than four months after seed sowing. In the Manitoba region, as you well know, the climate changes very rapidly, and the short but severe winter there experienced has been the only obstacle to its settlement. Yet, for all that, the city of Winnipeg has sprung into a prosperous condition, and is now the leading city of southern British America.

"Do you know what progress the Canada Pacific railway is making toward comple-

"That road is doing more to advance the country in industrial wealth than any other enterprise which the selfish home government has projected. Its construction is far easier than was that of the Union Pacific. It passes through a vast region, covered with valuable forests and underlaid with untold wealth in coal and other minerals. When completed i will form a route from Europe to Asia, almo-1,000 miles shorter than any now constructe over the American continent. The work wa commerced, as I remarked, by the govern ment, but since 1878 it has been in the hand of a syndicate, who are prepared to expen-\$100,006,000 in its construction. Not a ba investment, however, as they have been granted a monopoly of the traffic for twen years after its completion, and possess an quantity of land bonuses and exclusive right to insure success in so gigantic an undertaking The road has now reached the center of th continent."

At the Dentant's.

French Paper. "Doctor, you have pulled out all the good teeth and left the bad ones."

"That's so, but I have a reason for it. There is always plenty of time to take out the bad ones. As for the others, they would have finished by becoming bad and would have given you trouble. A false set will never bother you-and besides, it's fashionable to have them; they don't wear anything else nowadays!"

Considering It in the Abstract.

Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours. She was a 4-year-old blonde, generally quiet and tractable, but mamma had provoked her. "I don't love you any more, mamma." "Very well, dear, you needn't." "Well, I don't love you." "All right, dearie, mamma will try to get along." "Well, I do love you; but I don't feel as I do just now."

"SLOSHING AROUND."

Burdette's Advice to a Young Man of Political Aspirations.

Throw Stones Fast and "Holler" All the Time--But be Sure and Give It to the Mormons Red-Hot.

Bob Burdette in Cincinnati Enquirer. Be something, young man. If none of the existing parties satisfy you, organize one of your own, and go "sloshing around." But have a politic. Institute a war cry. View with alarm and point with pride on your own book, but do view and point. If you are very vigorous you may also at times "recoil with horror." You will find this very effective toward the close of the campaign. If I had time, my son, I believe I could fit you out with a full and complete assortment

of tools, weapons and armor for politics. You should have, at the opening of the campaign, besides the matters aiready men-

One dozen kegs of nails, wherewith to nail the enemy's lies. Shrick every time you nail a lie, "Down with the Mormons." A few judicious lies to tess around care-

lessly and not too early, just to keep him busy. Shout when you scatter them. Say something mean about the Mormous. A few "demands" for things that we already have, and have had for fifty years. Nobody will notice this if you only yell then out lustily, and with the air of a man who is saying something new. The older the "de-

make it. "Demand" especially that the Mor-

mons be suppressed. Some "pledges," more or less. Pledge your self to something easy—the abolition of Mormonism, the abolition of slavery and unyielding opposition to the payment of the Confederate bonds by the state of Ohio, Roan

about it, and give it to the Mormons red-hot. Remember the soldiers. This is eminently proper, patriotic and cheap. 'Twon't cost you a cent. Stand upon the house-tops, and in a loud voice call them "the defenders of the rerublic," and declare that they shall have campaign you might also promise them their lefts. That's what they'll get anyhow, but you needn't say anything about that. Keep as noisy as possible, and howl: "The Mor-

mons must go!" Arraign the administration! Oh! every time arraign the administration. And a common arraignment will not do. If any platform contain not a scathing arraignment of the administration the same is a liar and a horse-thief, be the same more or less. If, unfortunately, you are on the side of the administration, then you must arraign the other party. But you labor under a great disadvantage if you are in with the adminisstreet and throw stones at the window than cording to the quality of tone desired." it is to stand in the window and throw stones into the street.

Elessed be opposition. Because why: fired a rock at him. And if it so be that the distressing; or if it be that while he is stooping to pick up the first stone the man in the street fires half a dozen more at his stooping as you throw fast, and let the Mormons have

it all the time. For the reasons set forth above, never fight on the defensive. Always keep goin up and down like a raging lion, seeking where you may investigate somebody. "You haven't taught me any of the parries," said a young soldier to an old Prussian fencingmaster. "Parries be-" (I have forgotten the Prussian for that word) replied the old mustache. "You thrust; let the other fellow parry." Lay it on to the Mormons, every lick.

Demand the gradual resumption of specie payments. It has been accomplished so many years that most people have forgotten and drain at the bottom for receiving and it, and this slogan will catch the Greenbackers. There, that reminds me. By all means have a slogan. No party is equipped for the contest until it has a slogan.

In some wards you will want a slogan that holds a quart. Down with the Mormons, remember. And

talk loud. Pat civil service reform on the back. Romember that, in the hands of the administration, it is a mere instrument of partisan tyranny and nepotism, an object of selfisl ambition and base personal greed; but in your hands and those of your relatives, by consanguinity, marriage and adoption, public station would be a place of honor and honesty, capacity and fidelity, and constitutthe only valid claims to public endorsement. And right here, oh how you can scathe the Mormons!

In regard to the tariff, denounce Mormonism as a scandal and a reproach, that is breeding a demoralization from its foul and festering chaps, that is fetid with rank corruption, that threatens to pollute the entire system of the grandest government on "God's green yarth," This will catch the free pro-

tradetionists. I think there's about all you need to start with, my boy, and the other things will occur to you as the campaign advances. It's always safe to let into the Mormons. They have no friends east of the Rocky mountains, and very few west. Some of these points you may have to modify a little, but in the main you can use them as they are. They have been used by two parties during the past twenty years, and have come out radiant with victory and noble in defeat every

OVER A PRECIPICE.

1 Four-Horse Team Runs Away With a Coach on a Steep Mountain Side.

Santa Barbara Press. The stage coach which runs daily between Santa Barbara and Los Alamos were wrecked yesterday afternoon while coming lown the grade on the south side of the Santa Ynez mountains, about ten or twelve miles from this city. Soon after leaving a steep rocky slope on the mountain side, rightly named "Slippery Rock," and where the descent is at an angle of forty-five degrees, with a sheer fall of precipitous rock of fully 200 feet on one side, one of the lead horses became unmanageable and started to run. Butterfield, the driver, did his best to hold in his team. The brakes were put on tight, and as the horses commenced to go at a reckless, breakneck speed down the crooked, rocky,

narrow incline, the driver realized the impossibility of stopping them. There were several miles of a steep grade below, and it was narrow, rocky and crooked. To stay on the stage was to go over a precipice and be dashed to pieces. Having decided that the stage could not be saved, Butterfield shouted to the two passengers inside to "jump out and save your lives!" At the same time the driver dropped lines and whip and sprang from his seat upon the rocky bank on the off side of the team. Mr. Ben Leibes, who was one of the passengers, was the first to jump out. He was light and fell like a feather, right side up. The other passenger was R. Estill. He was less fortunate than his companion and in jumping

among the rocks was badly hurt. The stage, a minute after Estill had jumped off, went over a precipice into a chasm on the left of the road, about two hundred feet deep. The jerk with which it went over broke the couplings from the two lead horses, which went galloping down the road unhurt. The wheel horses were dragged backward by the stage coach and went all together to the bottom of the precipice. The stage was badly wrecked and the baggage reduced to small pieces. Singular to relate, the two horses, which were dragged after the stage, were found among the wreck, almost

WHERE HAND-ORGANS ARE MADE.

Turned Out at the Rate of Four a Week for Private Amusements or

Public Entertainment. A hand-organ factory was found on the top floor of a Chatham street business place by a reporter of The New York Morning Journal. Seven Italian workmen were busmand" the louder you must yell when you lily employed putting the machine together. The proprietor is a stout, good-looking American.

"Been long in this business?" he was asked. "About twenty-five years, and I suppose I have not made less than 5,000 organs in that time, which represents an average of four new hand-organs a week turned out for the entertainment of an appreciative public,"

"Are they expensive?" "They cost all the way from \$100 to \$2,500 apiece. The larger ones are made principally for the show business, 'currousels,' or merry-go-rounds and circuses. I do business their rights. Along near the close of the direct with the purchaser. The professional organ-grinder is my best customer." "And your business season is—when "

"Just before fall I have occassionally as many as thirty-five men working at one time, and when I get very hard up I press a few pianoforte makers into the service. It is a businees that requires the highest kind of skilled labor."

Taking an old barrel from a disused instrument he proceeded to illustrate.

"You see this barrel with its legion of pins? Well, it takes three pounds of metal to produce ten tunes. I suppose there are not less than 2,500 pins in this barrel, all of which are put in separately by hand. The tration. It is so much easier to stand in the pipes are made of spruce, cherry, or pine, ac-

"Does the padrone system obtain now?" "No, that is played out. Nearly all organ-grinders are their own bosses. I also You're liable to run out of stones. There are make organs for private amusement for no stones in the house, whereas the street is families in the country—instruments that will full of 'em, and the man in the window can't | play dance music for winter evenings. The throw until the man in the street has first list of dances is sent to me and I fill the bill. Once in a while I make hand-organs for first dornick catches him in the eye his case is country churches, though very rarely. Last year my biggest orders came from Louisville and New Orleans. In fact, I make organs for all parts of the world-London, Paris, figure then is the last state of the man in the Italy, Cuba, the West Indies, everywhere, house worse than the first. "Holler" as loud The American woods are better seasoned than almost any other, and are also cheaper. That is the reason."

Cooling Off a Composing Room. Helen Campbell in The Continent,

The composing room of The New Orleans Picavune is situated in the upper story of its publication house, just under the roof, and in summer is extremely hot. Last season an inspiration seems to have come to one of the oppressed occupants, and in accordance with it a vertical wooden box was constructed in the corner of the room, with openings at the floor and ceiling, and furnished with a pipe for supplying water at the top and a pan carrying it safely away. The supply-pipe was bent over the upper end of the shaft, and fitted with a nose like that of a watering-pot, so as to deliver a shower of spray instead of a solid stream. On connecting it with the service-pipe, the movement of the water was found to cause an active circulation of the air in that part of the room, which was drawn in at the upper opening of the shaft and issued again, cool and fresh, at the floor

level. The most surprising thing about the experiment seems to have been the effect of the water in cooling the air to a degree much below its own temperature. With Mississippi water, which when drawn from the service-pipe indicated a temperature of 84 degrees, the air of the room, in which the thermometer at the beginning of the trial stood at 96 degrees, was cooled in passing through the length of the shaft to 74 degrees, or about 20 degrees below the temperature at which it entered, and 10 degrees below that of the water which was used to cool it. Of course the absorption of heat by the evaporation of a portion of the water accounts for its refrigerating effect, but the result seems to have been so easily and inexpensively attained, that the experiment would be worth repeating.

Interesting Facts About the Burmese Myatt Kyaw, M. D.

In Burmah there is an old tradition that at

ome time long ago a wonderful book was lost. The missionaries tell them this book is the bible. They find this tradition a great help to them in approaching the heathen. In Burmah boys only go to school. They study in concert aloud, and can be heard half a mile. Boys' heads are shaved until they are 15 years old, when the hair is allowed to grow until it is three feet long. They all wear tur bans. The chief article of clothing is a piece of calico or silk, if they can afford it, about fifteen feet long and four feet wide. This is usually draped about the loins. It is also used as a cradle and hammock. Betel nut chewing is a universal habit. The girlchew in childhood to make their lips red and later in life it becomes a confirme habit. Everybody smokes. Tobacco and cigars are carried in holes punctured in the lobe of the ear. There are no surnames in Burmah, Names there have great significance, all having a symbolical meaning. My father had a very lucky name. The natives are timid when white men approach them, but are not afraid of white women. The complexion of the people is dark, but the young ladies make their faces a shade or two lighter by the application of a bark, which they roast and crumble to a powder. The Burmese always have large families.

OFF FOR A HOLIDAY.

Hundreds of Poor Children Carried to Lands of Milk and Honey, Fresh Air and Sunshine.

New York Tribune.

"Who's all de kids, Chimmie!" asked ar evil-looking shoe black at the foot of Chris topher street, yesterday of an equally grace less acquaintance, "Dunno, Guess it's 'scursion by de looks of 'em." Certainly there was a holiday and excursion-like a about the crowds of youngsters decked in their "best" clothes, which in most cas were thread-bare enough, but in all scrupu lously clean. Three hundred and ninety three children had been brought by th missionaries and ladies who devote them selves to caring for the poor, to embark on a special steamer and be conveyed to the pure invigorating air of the lake region. There were two distinct parties, one of them, nun bering some sixty, being destined for West grant lake. The other party numbered 33 in all, their destination being Au Sable which takes 212, Peru, which takes 75, Val cour 13, Salmon River 14, and Ferona, which takes 20,

The boat was to have started at 4 p. m. but by that time a mere handful only of the urchins was on board. Batch after batch however, straggled in attended by the ladie who had gathered them together her and there, or by a parent and a tearfu brother or sister, the tears being due to envy as much as bereavement. On the deck a were bustle and confusion. Camp stools were at a premium for some time, but a hidde supply, discovered on the lower floor, wa exultantly seized and dragged to the light o day and comfort of the children, who we soon bivouacking all shout the hurrican deck. Most of them, besides the bundle cor taining their baggage, which is alway clutched with feverish determination an never lost sight of for a moment, carried sul sidiary packages in which was stowed awa solid refreshments of a heterogenous charater. Bananas seemed chiefly in supply, whi one young Teuton was seen fortifying h inner man with a gigantic sausage, whi was disappearing with phenomenal and a most alarming rapidity. If there was bustling on board the steamer there was confusion worse confounded on the pier. The checking off of nearly four hundred children split up into numberless small parties an arriving wild with excitement ever minute was no easy, matter, and it is volved the necessity of much explain atory shouting and pushing into patents and pushing into sition of diminutive bodies. By grees the energetic manager got thing straightened out somewhat. Some of the parties that were expected did not arrive but the missionaries had in several cas brought down a reserve to fill up in case (vacancies and so the full list was made u those of the reserve forces who were left of the pier melting into tears. Five o'clock wa close at hand when the last party of seve came in with a rush and w magic over the gang-plank, two little to dlers who had been nearly left behind an whose cheeks were wet with briny tears we lifted on board after the gang-plank wa withdrawn, the whistle sounded, the paddle revolved in that indecisive fashion peculis to a starting vessel, a thin and wiry che arose from those of the children who coul spare the time from their bananas an cookies, and the boat steamed out into th Hudson.

It is noticeable that on all these excursion the children, poor as they may be, are a neatly, and in many cases well dressed. The is explained by the fact that the parent always struggle hard to provide one suit of decent clothes for each child, while th missionaries invariably supply clothes whe

the parents absolutely cannot afford to do so SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY.

Extracts From a Lecture Delivere to the Groceryman by the Bad Bo Peck's Sun.

"This Solomon is credited with being wisest man, and yet history says he had thousand wives. Just think of it. You has got one wife, and pa has one, and all-th neighbors have one, if they have had an kind of luck. Does not one wife make yo pay attention? Wouldn't two wives brea you up? Wouldn't three cause you to se stars? How would ten strike you? Why man alive, you do not grasp the magnitud of the statement that Solomon had a thou sand wives. A thousand wives, standing side by side, would reach about four block Marching by fours it would take them twee ty minutes to passa given point. The larges summer resort hotel only holds about 500 pec ple, so Sol would have had to hire two hote if he took his wives out for a day in th

country. "Statistics show that one woman out of every ten is red headed. That would giv Solomon an even 100 red-headed wives. Juthat 100 red-headed wives would be enoug to make an ordinary man think that ther was a land that is fairer than this. The there would be, out of the other 900, about 300 blondes, and the other 600 would 1 brunettes, and maybe he had a few albino and bearded women, and fat women, ar dwarfs. Now, those 1,000 women had appe tites, desires for dress and style, the same all women. Imagine Solomon saying them, 'Girls, lets all go down to the ice cree saloon and have a dish of ice cream.' Ca you, with your brain muddled with codfis and new potatoes, realize the scene the would follow?"

Treasures in Fiddles.

New York Sun. "You wouldn't think those bits of woo there were worth at least \$3,000," said th owner of a quaint old store in the Bowery, a he pointed to a heap of round, flat and odd

shaped splinters lying on his work beach. "I certainly shouldn't have thought the were worth anything. Are they lined with diamonds, and have they been smuggle through the custom house?"

"No, no! That is a Stradivarius violin, and one of the finest in the country."

"But it is all broken to pieces." "Not at all. The owner kept it in a dam place, and the glue got soft. I had to take i all to pieces. Why, that fiddle has probable been taken apart at least twenty times sin it was made in 1710. That would make it 17 years old, wouldn't it?" And yet it is a sound as it was on the day it was finishing Not a crack anywhere, and where the vanish has been worn off by friction again the clothes of the player, the grain of the wood looks handsomest. See here, isn't that a picture, that back? Mark how the ligh flashes in and out of that mottled grain as gently move it."